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The Lantern, Chester S.C.- November 19, 1897

J T. Bigham

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THE LANTERN.

Vol. I. No. 13.

CHESTER, S. C., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1897.

PUBLISHED TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS
Subscription Price, \$5.00 Cash.

KILPATRICK'S ESCAPE.

The Federal Camp Surprised at Daylight Near Fayetteville, N. C.

Gen. M. C. Butler has recently given an account of the narrow escape of Gen. Kilpatrick, the gallant Federal, whose command was surprised at daybreak near Fayetteville, N. C., just a month before the surrender of Lee's army. It is one of the most notable incidents of the war, and Gen. Butler has rendered a good service in recounting the facts for the present generation: Our cavalry consisted of Wheeler's and my own division, under the command of Gen. Wade Hampton. On the 10th of March our column, on the march, was in about one day's march of Fayetteville, N. C. My old brigade, at that time commanded by Gen. E. M. Law, of this State, was in front, Young's brigade, commanded by Col. J. G. Wright, next, with Wheeler following.

Humphrey's squadron, of the 6th South Carolina cavalry, Law's brigade, constituted the advance guard. By the rule usually observed on such occasions, Young's (Wright's) brigade would have taken the lead the next day. You are no doubt aware that while marching in the neighborhood of the enemy, advance and rear guards are thrown out well to the front and rear with active, vigilant scouts and videttes operating on the flanks, front and rear. It rained in torrents all the whole day of the 10th of March. Sherman's army was to the south and east of our line of march, Kilpatrick's cavalry covering his left flank. About nightfall Humphreys halted his squadron at the intersection of a road leading from the south.

On inquiring of Capt. Humphreys the cause of his halt, he informed me that the road he had intersected had recently been travelled by a heavy column of mounted troops. On examination I found this to be true, and concluded we had run into Kilpatrick's track. While we were discussing the situation I discovered a detachment of cavalry following in the wake of Kilpatrick's march, and rode out into the forks of the road about forty yards and halted with the usual challenge, "Who comes there?" It was then getting too dark to distinguish friend and foe. The answer came, "5th Kentucky." Knowing this to be one of Kilpatrick's regiments, I directed the commander of the detachment, who turned out to be a lieutenant, to ride up, as I wanted to talk with him. Evidently not knowing who we were, he advanced with his orderly and when I had led him into the ranks of Humphreys's squadron, it was the work of a few moments to disarm and place him in arrest.

This done, I whispered to Humphreys to send out a squad and take in the detachment of the 5th Kentucky. He promptly surrounded them and made them prisoners, twenty-eight in number, without firing a gun.

You will pardon what appears to be minor, unimportant details; but they have an important bearing upon what followed.

As soon as Gen. Hampton had been apprised of what had occurred, after consultation between himself, Gen. Wheeler and myself, it was decided to attack Kilpatrick the next morning at daylight. In order to do so more advantageously, the whole column moved forward from where we captured the detachment in columns of fours, cautiously and quietly, about four miles, where we halted and dismounted on the roadside without fires. The night was dark with a cold, drizzling rain. "I can never forget that night as we lay without shelter or food for man or horse, each man with his bridle on his arm.

I threw out some distance in our

front, on each side of the road, a line of dismounted skirmishers. They had scarcely deployed when one of Kilpatrick's lieutenants walked of rode into the line. He was brought to my headquarters, a pine log on the roadside, and on being interrogated as to why he was there at that time of the night, he replied that he had been sent back to look for a broken down wagon, and had walked unawares into our picket line. He was not inclined to be communicative, but I learned enough to enable me to locate Kilpatrick's camp pretty accurately. On the strength of this information we reconnoitered his camp about midnight, riding up almost to his camp fires. Not a picket was posted, nor other precaution taken as far as we could discover, to protect his camp against surprise. My conclusion at the time was, (which was confirmed by Gen. Kilpatrick in a conversation I had with him since the war) that the detachment of the 5th Kentucky was expected to perform that duty, and instead they had been made prisoners of war without firing a shot and without his knowledge. So you see the important bearing of this capture. Kilpatrick had moved around the head of the swamp, and bivouacked with the swamp behind him, and the order of the attack was arranged as follows:

My division, Wright's brigade now being in front, was to be closed up in column of regiments before daylight, so as to enable Wheeler, stretched back the full length of his large division in columns of fours, to close up. I was to follow up the line of march taken up by Kilpatrick, move around the head of the swamp, and enter his camp from the left. Wheeler was to turn to the right from about the point where the head of my column was located, and move to the right through the open pine woods and come from the rear, as nearly simultaneously with my attack as possible. Accordingly, when I learned that Wheeler had turned off to the right, I moved forward up the road.

Meanwhile I had directed Colonel Wright to select a squadron, whose commander he could vouch for, and order him to report for instruction. My recollection is that he selected Capt. Bostick, of the Cobb Legion (and if I am in error in this I trust that some survivor of that splendid gallant regiment will correct me).

My instructions were that the leading squadron should rush into the camp, surround the house where Kilpatrick made his headquarters and remain there, if possible, until we could occupy the camp, and make Kilpatrick a prisoner. I further instructed Col. Wright to follow up the leading squadron by throwing a regiment at a time into the camp; that I would have Law's brigade so posted as to go to the rescue at the proper time.

Wright moved promptly, followed by Law in a trot; just before the dawn of day he charged pell-mell into the camp, and as I turned the head of the swamp at the head of Law's brigade we were greeted with a scene of the wildest confusion. A squad of about 150 Confederates came rushing frantically towards us, and at first we supposed or feared that Wright had been repulsed, and yet could not understand how that could be, as his rear regiment had left us not more than two minutes. Our minds were soon relieved on that score, as the Confederates turned out to be prisoners who tore away from their guards where Wright rushed in, and were making good their escape. The poor fellows reported they were half starved on the march with Kilpatrick, and naturally rejoiced in their deliverance. Our men aroused the sleeping Federals and captured four hundred and seventy-five.

At this point let me relate what Gen. Kilpatrick said of this event in a conversation with me after the war. I told him we had ridden up

to his camp fires the night before, without being challenged by his pickets as we were a camp guard and expressed surprise that he had not taken this natural precaution; that he had paid a very poor compliment to our vigilance and enterprise, which I thought was scarcely justified by past experience. His explanation was that Col. Spencer, who was afterwards with me in the Senate from Alabama, commanded the rear brigade of his column, and that it was his duty to post the pickets and guards. Spencer, on the other hand, denied this, and fixed the responsibility on Kilpatrick. Of course, I could not settle that controversy and left it where I found it.

Gen. Kilpatrick further said that he walked out about daylight that morning, as was his custom, to look after his horses. He heard our yell as we broke into his camp, and said to himself, "My God, here is a major general's commission earned after four years' hard fighting gone up in a surprise!" that about that time a man rushed up to him and said: "Where is Gen. Kilpatrick?" and that he replied, "There he goes on that black horse," (as one of his men was escaping on a black horse;) that he, Kilpatrick, mounted in his dismount and escaped. The Confederate who accosted him left him and pursued the man on the black horse, and thus by a ruse "he saved his bacon."

I have never ascertained who this man was, but my theory is that in his anxiety to take Kilpatrick prisoner he was naturally misled and dropped the substance to pursue the shadow "on a black horse." Be that as it may, Wright's brigade charged clear through the camp, and when I reached Kilpatrick's headquarters, in front of which was packed his artillery, wagons and ambulances, Wright had rushed through like a whirlwind. Anticipating that there would be more or less confusion after the first onset, I had left Law's brigade near the entrance of the camp, to be ordered in to reap the fruits of Wright's charge. To my dismay and disappointment I learned that Law had been ordered away from where I had left him, and there I was, in the midst of a hostile camp with no support but my staff and couriers. I had possession of Kilpatrick's headquarters and trains, awaiting Wheeler's and Law's arrival. Wright's command was, of course, scattered after his impetuous charge.

Gen. Wheeler joined me in a short time, and on my inquiring for his command, he replied that he had encountered an impassable bog, and had to send it around by the route I had taken. Meanwhile Kilpatrick's dismounted men, numbering about 1,500 men, as we were informed, rallied somewhat from the panic, and opened a destructive fire from behind pine trees with their rapid-fire carbines, and drove us out. I succeeded in rallying a part of the Cobb Legion, and with gallant Lieut. Col. King at their head, charged Kilpatrick's men, who had reached their artillery. We lost sixty-two men in five minutes, among the number the lamented Col. King, who fell gallantly leading almost a forlorn hope.

Kilpatrick reached Sherman's infantry in time to bring up a division in his rescue, and we had to withdraw. But for the untoward obstruction of an impassable swamp to Gen. Wheeler's march, which could not have been foreseen in the darkness of the night, and the removal of Law's brigade, we should have reaped the full fruit of our successful surprise, and taken in Kilpatrick's entire camp, and possibly have made him a prisoner. We moved on and camped that night within four miles of Fayetteville, N. C. In his official report, Gen. Kilpatrick says he lost 400 prisoners. In this he is certainly mistaken. My

provost guard the next day had 475 prisoners; all taken from his camp. I have since learned whether Gen. Wheeler's guard had any prisoners, and, therefore, cannot speak as to that, but have a very distinct recollection as to those in my charge.

NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBORS.

(Crowded out of last issue.)
From Yorkville Yvonne.

Dr. W. W. G. White and family have moved into their handsome new residence on South Congress Street.

Exercises at the graded school were suspended last Tuesday so the children could see the street parade and attend the Wallace circus.

At a meeting of the directors of the Yorkville Wheelmen's Association, held Saturday night, the contract for building the race track was let to Mr. J. M. Stewart, of Newport, S. C., he being the lowest bidder. The contract for building the grand stand and putting up the fencing has not yet been given out, but will be in a few days.

The town council and board of health met in joint session last Friday night. The council adopted the resolutions of the board of health. Mr. T. W. Clawson was elected health officer at a salary of \$12.50 per month and Mr. Brooks Inman was made secretary and is to be paid 50 cents per meeting for his services. The dry box system of disposing of faecal matter was adopted at a charge of 15 cents per month for each house. This charge will cover all expenses of the board, as estimated.

Ballistics took Mr.

Mr. S. M. Feemster is having a hard time with chills. He says he would be willing to let all the gold in the Klondike go if he could get well once more.

Mrs. W. Banks Good and Miss Pinkie Feemster are fine gardeners. They are eating garden beans and tomatoes these days for dinner. They should invite their neighbors in.

Energy cost.

Mr. E. D. Tompkins, of the Point section, says he thinks he will make 1,000 lbs. of lint cotton on an acre patch that he has highly manured and worked well. Wash thinks if he had ten acres like that it would do him.

Well we want to hear from the cotton pickers. Some of Mr. J. J. Brandon's young people capped the climax in this section picking cotton. Charlie picked 31 pounds, Joe 339, and Miss Ida 311 in one day.

Gold field.

Eljah Merritt and family, who went to Texas some two years since, returned here last week, and Jno. J. Spinks has notified us that he will be here and preach at Philadelphia Church on the third Sunday of this month, and we hear that the balance are all coming. Well, that may sort of crowd us, but the poor fellows do want a drink of water so bad.

From Rock Hill Herald.

The iron smokesack at the Standard Mill has rusted and fallen down.

Mr. Sid M. Willeford has a citron, peach, vine which covers a quarter of an acre. It has on 30 melons, which will average 50 pounds in weight.

Bishop Duncan has accepted the invitation to preach the sermon at the dedicatory exercises at Laurel Street Methodist church on the third Sunday of this month, November 21.

Mr. W. N. Elder, president of the county alliance, starts on a tour Monday visiting the suballiances, reviving the defunct and encouraging the living sub-alliances to renewed efforts.

Work is progressing very favorably upon the water works plant. We are informed that the reservoir, after excavated, and that work on the stand pipe is being carried on. An immense amount of piping has arrived. Everything seems to be moving along nicely.

From Union Times.

On Thursday at high noon at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. J. D. McNeace, one of Union's prominent citizens, Miss Julia McNeace was married to Mr. W. W. Lemen, of Roanoke, Va. Rev. J. E. Carlisle of the Methodist church officiated.

On Wednesday at 11 o'clock a. m. one of the nicest marriages ever held in Union took place at the Methodist church. The contracting parties were Miss Kittie Rice, of Union, and Mr. William Elliott, of Winnsboro, S. C. Miss Rice is the youngest daughter of one of Union county's most highly esteemed citizens, Mr. S. M. Rice, and is very popular with all classes at home.

At the Leitner house, on Wednesday at 11:30 o'clock a. m. Mrs. Irene J. Leitner, of Union, was married to Mr. Clarence Lever, of Columbia, S. C. Rev. J. E. Carlisle officiated. The married couple left on the 1 o'clock train for Columbia to visit relatives and friends there, and to see the great State fair. They will return to Union and run the Leitner house, so we are well informed.

STATE NEWS.

The Moncks Corner dispensary, Berkeley county, is short \$600.

The county jail is nearly complete and prisoners will be moved in shortly. There is little prospect of any one not armed with an improved key getting out of that place. The building is small but space is so economized that fifteen prisoners can be accommodated. The court house will soon be ready for the roof.—Greenwood Index.

The candidates reported as out for Representative from the Third District are as follows: Present Congressman Latimer, Anderson; former Congressman George Johnstone, Newberry; want-to-be Congressmen Wyatt Aiken, John R. Blake, I. H. McCalla, F. W. R. Nance, Abbeville; D. K. Norris Joshua W. Ashley, Anderson; E. E. Verner, Oconee.—Greenwood Index.

PENITENTIARY FARMS.

Excellent Management and Successful Results.

The Beaufort correspondent of *The News and Courier* gives the experience and observations of Mr. Hal. W. Richardson, of Columbia, who has recently visited the farms belonging to the State which are under the control of Superintendent Neal. He thinks this example shows that with good management and steady labor combined there is in store prosperity and life in the old land yet. Mr. Richardson said:

"Col. W. A. Neal, Superintendent of the State Penitentiary, and, by the by, one of the most thoroughly systematic organizers and managers of labor I ever saw, invited a party, consisting of Secretary of State Tompkins, Collector of Internal Revenue Townes, Mr. Appert, of the Manning Times, Col. C. B. Cleave, of Newberry, Mr. John K. Garnett, of Hampton, and myself, to visit the State farms on the Waterree, in Kershaw county. We reached our destination on the Camden Road at 6 o'clock p. m. Wagons with comfortable seats, drawn by sleek fat mules, driven by clean, polite convicts, awaited us.

"Some of the party, four in each wagon, went to the Reed farm, and four others were driven to the De

Saussure farm, where bright and cheerful fires greeted us and within thirty minutes supper were spread. Before retiring, being informed by our host that we should rise early, (everything rises early on the State farms,) we were awakened at 6 o'clock next morning by a neat, clean convict, who, after building our fires and furnishing fresh water in our chambers, soon after announced breakfast, which was appetizingly served.

"After breakfast we walked over the premises of the Reed farm, inspected the stockades, hospital, guard quarters, horses, stables, etc. The stockade is a most substantially built house, about 20 by 100 feet, thoroughly ventilated and heated by three large stoves; the windows large, outer shutters and iron gratings, all perfectly secure. The barn is a splendid three-story building, with thirty beautiful mules on the ground floor. Corn and hay, products of the farm, are on the second floor and 7,000 bushels of oats, all threshed and clean, on the third floor. Thence we went to the gin house, where steam power was running gins, and numerous bales of cotton lying around. The well arranged cow stables and hog lots, the latter filled with 250 or 300 fat hogs, attended by an old white convict, who seemed contented and happy.

"We now proceeded to the De Saussure farm, two miles off. Here the party got together and rode over the entire crops and plantations. Well, my friends, it was a revelation to me. Swamp lands that a few years ago were under water and in forests and perfectly valueless so far as agricultural purposes were concerned, now encircled by dams and dykes and trunks. Some of the embankments twenty feet at the base, and high and strong enough to resist any freshet. Upon these lands I saw 1,300 acres that will make at the lowest calculation 1,000 bales of cotton and hundreds of acres that will yield from 30 to 60 bushels of corn to the acre, and other crops in proportion.

"On each farm are an equal number of mules and convicts, 30 of the former to 75 of the latter. The men are all well fed and healthy, and all agree that they are comfortable and humanely and kindly treated. I saw no chains or whips or shackles. The splendid management is due not only to Col. Neal, the master head of this State Penitentiary, but also to the skillful and intelligent assistance rendered him by his two lieutenants, Cooler and Magill, both experienced planters and managers. The selection of two such admirable lieutenants is an evidence of Col. Neal's discrimination in their selection and retention.

"The State has its own saw mill and all the lumber and shingles used are manufactured on the grounds. Carpenters, blacksmiths, wheelwrights, and other workmen are found among the convicts, and are conveniently and judiciously disposed upon the premises. I never saw plantations upon which there was a place for everything and everything in its place to exceed this.

"Now, sir, if what I have described does not emphasize and prove what I have attempted to exhibit that a good planter with other conditions for success added, such as strict and systematic attention to his business and steady, reliable labor, can make money, then there is nothing else will, and need not prolong this interview. Suffice it to say that the whole party returned to Columbia, very impressed with the magnitude of what we had seen and with Col. Neal's wonderful capacity and ability as a manager.

"One great regret we all felt was the absence of Senator McLaure, who was unexpectedly prevented from joining our party, as he had signified his intention of doing."

Thanksgiving Day.

The periodical Thanksgiving proclamations have been issued, the customary turkey dinner has been arranged for by very many people, and divine services have been appointed in possibly a majority of churches. Then congregations will turn aside, before feasting, to acknowledge to the Giver of good, that though we bemoan our hard lot, our fortune might have been a good deal worse. Others will bewail their poverty like a starving pauper, then eat drink, and revel like a prodigal that has just received his portion. Others again will express their joy and thankfulness for the mercies they have received by the mercy they deny—by pursuing, maiming and killing their fellow creatures that have been less fortunate than themselves—possibly—in their assignments of rank in the scale of being.

Would it not be appropriate to grant to all God's living creatures for one day immunity from terror at the hands of man?

Might there not be very decided gain, materially as well as spiritually, in stopping an hour or two to get the needless wrinkles out of our faces and the querulous tone out of our voices?

Let us not render ourselves discontented by imagining how great or rich we might have been, or how happy we should be if we had a circulating medium of fifty dollars per capita, perfectly flexible and elastic, together with ten-cent cotton assured perpetually, and factories that hum right on day and night and never shut down or go into the hands of receivers.

Let us compare our condition rather with that of benighted lands under the yoke of a tyrant, whose people hear their children crying with hunger and look forward without hope of anything better in the future. Let us look upon the privations, anxiety, and grief that existed here during the late war, and then upon the abundance and tranquility of the present. Compare the State politically now with what it was a few years previous to 1876. Yes, if we compare it with what it was two or three years ago, we should find in that comparison abundant ground for a thanksgiving day.

Now if we cannot see affluence beyond the horizon, let us not trouble about that, while we have at present green pastures and quiet waters, with a kind shepherd to guard us.

ACCIDENTS resulting from the careless handling of weapons, should be regarded as crimes and punished accordingly. The pointing of fire arms, loaded or unloaded, in the direction of any person should be very severely punished, and if casualties result, the perpetrators should not be permitted to plead accident as a defense.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Editor Hugh Wilson, of Abbeville, after some timely advice on economy, proceeds thus wisely on debt paying:

First of all, pay your debts. Pay the smallest debts first. The man to whom you owe a dollar and a half will worry you more than the man whose claim is a thousand dollars. A great many people make the mistake of making small payments on large debts, instead of paying small debts in full. The world excuses the debtor who owes a large sum, but the man who neglects to pay small debts enters his credit in the eyes of the business world. Every man should be jealous of his credit. Pay small debts, even if you have to borrow the money. Establish the reputation of being a debt payer—and this can not be done if you allow small debts to compound of your neglect. Better owe for the house in which you live than to be indebted to your wash-woman.

We learn that a petition is in circulation about Blackstock asking

that the delivery of the mails be discontinued there on the Sabbath. Blackstock has about as many good people to the square inch as any place we know, and they will only be doing justice to themselves if they sign the petition unanimously. Of course the movement will not be commended by the present state-of-civilization style of Christians, but it will be favorably received by good old-fashioned, simple hearted people who believe that the teaching of the Bible is a sure-enough religion, and that when the Great Law-Giver penned the fourth section of the moral law he meant what he wrote.

It is a remarkable co-incident that almost at the same time that J. Henry Turner was killed while peacefully going along the road, another Henry Turner, over in Georgia, together with his wife and sister, was attacked and murdered while quietly walking to town.

MARGINALIA.

Idleness and pride tax with a heavier hand than kings and parliaments. If we can get rid of the former, we can easily bear the latter.—FRANKLIN

It is altogether right to speak of idleness as a tax. Every man requires food, clothing, and something in addition as necessity may demand. If the individual does not provide these things for himself, some one else must do so for him. Whenever one man must furnish these necessities to another, the furnisher is taxed.

To complain of the burden of taxes is chronic with most men. We need not seek far for the reason. Taxes appeal to men directly and in dollars and cents. Idleness and vagrancy do not so appeal to us, and we fail to comprehend their significance. If some competent statistician were to make a careful estimate of what idleness costs our people annually, the figures would no doubt stagger us.

Who can estimate the cost of the idleness in this town? Who feeds and clothes the idlers and loafers—white and black—that daily infest the town? There are men, and boys, and even women, who have no visible means of support, nor do they make any effort toward securing employment. They let it be understood that they do not work. If an excursion comes along, they always find a way for going. If any kind of amusement is on hand, they are the first to be seen. With all this they find means to dress well.

A community often censures a parent severely for permitting his son to grow up a vagrant. Such a parent is reprehensible, but does not that same community often help to make vagrants out of other boys? A young fellow's laziness and small tricks are smiled at by the community until he becomes a vagabond, and even then his evil habits are given a kind of respectability through a misconception of what charity means.

Tramp life has become fascinating. The country is literally swarming with tramps. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread" is the remedy. "When the tramp is required to work for what he gets, he will cease to be a tramp. Dissolute boys and men deliberately choose tramp life, because they find in it the possibility of living without work—or what they consider work. The unthinking people who hand out food and old garments to this class, help to make vagabondage an attractive profession." A thug without a dollar in his pocket, tramping for a wage, is a little hero. Do you see?

Ben at a Quilting

The ladies of Trenton Episcopal church had an old fashioned quilting a few days ago. James Bacon played the fiddle while Ben Tillman sang "Annie Laurie." "Ben Bolt," etc. The Bacon struck up "Hell Broke Loose in Georgia."

NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBORS.

Miss J. C. Dickey has let the contract for a residence at Edgemoor.

Mr. R. B. Riddle, of Zeno, brought 43 turkeys to town Monday. These fine specimens of the king of domestic birds will be sacrificed on the culinary altar at Winthrop for a Thanksgiving feast.

Mr. John Harvey Neely, though still weak and incapable of physical exercise, has decided to open a saw mill on Fishing Creek, and will get out hickory lumber, for which there is a ready sale at the buggy factory.

The date of the dedication of Laurel Street Methodist church has been postponed until the fourth Sunday, November 28th. Bishop Duncan, who will preach the sermon, is one of the ablest pulpit orators of the South.

Friendship Correspondent.

Mr. Cal. Ligon, of Fort Lawn, was up on a prospecting tour last week. We would gladly welcome such men as Mr. Ligon among us; but didn't learn whether or not he found a place to suit him.

Lancaster Ledger.

A double marriage will come off at Waxhaw, N. C., next Wednesday at 5 o'clock p. m. The contracting parties are Miss Florence Heath, of Waxhaw, and Rev. Henry Stokes, of Van Wyck, and Miss Maud Heath and Mr. Charles Messy. The young ladies are daughters of Mr. A. W. Heath, formerly of this county. Bishop Key, of Sherman, Texas, will perform the ceremony in the Methodist church at Waxhaw.

Lancaster Review.

Miss Florella Meynardine has gone to Chester to spend the winter.

Supt. Skipper of the factory met with a painful accident while riding his bike Saturday afternoon. He is able to attend to his duties as usual, however.

Lancaster Enterprise.

Mr. J. B. Mackorell visited friends and relatives at Blackstock last week.

Miss Pet Mackorell, who has been on a visit to friends and relatives here, returned home last Friday.

Mr. J. P. Carnes slaughtered a 13-month-old pig last week. It netted 32 pounds. He says the cost of raising the pig, outside of the slops from the kitchen, was not over \$7.00.

Antioch school opened Monday last with Miss Beatrice Hunter, of Chester, as teacher, who has taught so acceptably at both Hopewell and Buford in this county. Miss Hunter is a graduate of the Winthrop Normal College.

The papers were served on J. A. Hilton & Co., of Kershaw, Saturday asking for the appointment of a receiver for the benefit of their creditors. The firm is said to be in very bad shape. Their indebtedness foots up some \$15,000 or \$18,000.

Letter from Abbeville.

Editor of THE LANTERN: I attended the State Fair last week. A tremendous crowd of people was present, and the hotels and boarding houses were filled to overflowing. The low price of cotton does not seem to discourage our people from assembling together. The fair is a great thing for the people of our State. It tends to promote a good feeling between the different sections of our State, and it is educational in its influence.

While in Columbia I had the pleasure of meeting the Hon. A. G. Brice, of the Chester bar. I knew Mr. Brice well when he was a student of Erskine. He made a fine record when at College, and I have not been surprised to see him rise to high position as a lawyer. The people of Chester county ought to see to it that such men as Mr. Brice are elevated to high office. He would grace any place to which he would aspire.

The colleges at Due West are doing splendidly. Both of them

have a large number of pupils en-

Rev. F. Y. Pressly, D. D., is filling the A. R. pulpit at this place at present. He is one of the ablest preachers in the State, and is popular with our people.

Rev. Horace Rabb will commence preaching here in December.

Dr. J. A. Clifton, formerly of Chester, is pastor of the Methodist church in our town. He has a splendid church, and is highly esteemed, not only by his congregation, but our people generally.

WALTER L. MILLER, Abbeville, Nov. 15.

About the "Seceders."

The Washington Post, with a spirit becoming the leading newspaper of the national capital, which takes in all parts of the country, has been giving to its readers some very interesting articles about the Seceders of the South and the institutions of learning they established at Due West in this State. The Seceders, wherever found, are the salt of the earth, and of the institutions at Due West any State might well be proud. Due West has long been noted in the Southern country for the high character of manhood and womanhood which it turns out from the institutions there located.—Charleston News and Courier.

PROFESSIONAL.

R. B. CALDWELL,

Attorney and Counselor at Law,

Walker Bld'g, CHESTER, S. C.

Prompt and careful attention given to all business. Will practice in this and adjoining counties.

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Having official business with me will please take notice that my office days are MONDAYS and SATURDAYS.

W. D. KNOX,

County Superintendent of Education.

THEO. L. SHIVER,

POPULAR BARBER.

NEXT DOOR TO FAIRVIEW HOTEL.

J. W. CROCKETT,

BARBER AND HAIRDRESSER.

Next door to Stahl's Jewelry Store.

Sale of Farming Lands.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,

County of Chester.

By virtue of the power contained in the will of James L. Ralph, deceased, the undersigned will sell at public outcry before the Court House door, in Chester, on the first Monday in December next, at the close of the public sales, the following premises:

All the right, title, and interest, (the same being an undivided three-fourths interest) of the said Jas. L. Ralph deceased, and to all that parcel or tract of land situated in said County and State upon the waters of Bull Run creek, containing 120 acres, more or less, and bounded by lands of J. H. McDaniel, Levi Wilson, estate of Wm. Wallace and others. Terms of sale: One-third cash, balance on credit of one and two years, in two annual payments, with interest from day of sale, to be secured by the note of the purchaser, and a mortgage of the premises, with the privilege to pay the whole in cash.

A. G. BRICE,

Executor of J. L. Ralph.

Estate Notice.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,

County of Chester.

All persons having claims against the estate of J. L. Ralph, deceased, are notified to present the same in writing to the undersigned, and persons owing said estate will promptly make payment.

A. G. BRICE,

Exec. of J. L. Ralph.

Church Lot For Sale.

CHESTER, S. C. Nov. 9, 1897.

Will be sold on the 1st Monday of December next before the Court House door to the highest bidder. (If not disposed of at private sale, that beautiful lot belonging to the A. R. P. church, with all the buildings thereon, including the Iron fence in front of the lot. Terms cash. Any one wishing to purchase at private sale can confer with Joseph Wylie at the Exchange Bank.

BUILDING COMMITTEE.

S. M. Jones & Co.

BIG SALE!

Great Reduction! 30 Days Only!

WE MUST MOVE OUR IMMENSE STOCK OF

Dress Goods, Clothing, Boots, Shoes,

Hats, Carpets, Matting, Blankets, Groceries, Etc.

We offer this \$60,000 Stock positively at a reduction of 15 to 30 per cent.

We Offer Special Reduction in Dress Goods.

25 Patterns, newest weaves in Dress Goods, \$7.00, now \$5.00
25 Patterns, newest weaves in Dress Goods, \$6.00, now \$4.00
25 Patterns, newest weaves in Dress Goods, \$5.00, now \$3.50
50 Patterns, newest weaves in Dress Goods, \$4.00, now \$3.00

Come before this beautiful line is closed out. They are going fast and can't be duplicated.

20 pieces Ladies' Broad Cloth, in all shades, former price 75c, now 65 c.

See our line of Silk Velvets, largest line in the City.

25 pieces, in all the shades, prices 50c, 75c and \$1.00.

5 pieces black, prices 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50.

100 pieces All-Wool Dress Goods, 36 inches wide, in all shades, now going at 25 cts.

100 pieces Dress Goods, 36 inches wide, in all the newest shades, now going at 25 cts.

200 pieces Dress Goods, double width, all shades, will be closed out at 12 1-2 cts.

150 pieces Black Cashmeres, Henrietta, Serges, &c. Greatest bargains ever offered in Chester.

See our line of All-Wool Serge at 25 and 50 cts.

25 Black Henriettas at 25 cts., worth 40 cts.

25 Black Henriettas at 50 cts., worth 75 cts.

Silk Warps Henriettas at \$1 and \$1.50.

FLANNEL AND BLANKET DEPARTMENT.

25 pieces All-Wool Red Twill Flannel at 12 1-2 cts., worth 20 cts.

25 pieces All-Wool Medicated Flannel at 15 cts., worth 25 cts.

50 pieces All-Wool Medicated Flannel at 20 to 35 cts.

100 pieces White Plain and Twill at 12 1-2 to 50 cts.

See our line of Blankets. Must be sold. 500 pairs from 75 cts. to \$1.00.

DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT.

5 bales Checked Homespun at 3 cts.

10 bales Checked Homespun at 4 cts.

10 bales 4-4 Unbleached Sheetings at 4 cts., worth 5 cts.

10 bales 4-4 Unbleached Sheetings at 5 cts., worth 6 1-2 cts.

You will never have this opportunity again to buy Domestic at the above prices. These prices are lower than 4 cts. cotton.

JEANS, DICKEY'S KERSEY AND CASSEMERES.

Largest line in the upcountry going at a sacrifice. We offer:

50 pieces at 15 cts., worth 15 cts. 50 pieces at 12 1-2 cts., worth 20 cts.

50 pieces at 15 cts., worth 25 cts. 25 pieces at 10 and 25 cts., worth 40 cts.

See this line of Jeans Cloth before buying. You will save big money.

Our line of HATS and CAPS are also for sale.

100 pieces of Calico, Fast Colors, 5 cts., selling anywhere at 7 cts.

2 cases Indigo Blues at 5 cts., just received.

SHOES! SHOES! SHOES!

*We are Headquarters in this line. See our line of MISSES' and WOMAN'S SHOES at 75 cts., worth \$1.00.

Our \$1.00 Shoes is the talk of the entire Country. It can't be duplicated no where. Our line of the Celebrated—

"LILLY BRACKET," SELZ SCHWAB and SACHS SHOES,

all guaranteed as represented or money refunded. Each of these lines are well known and no recommendation.

Our stock of BOOTS and RUBBERS are also complete.

CLOTHING, CLOTHING, CLOTHING!

Great reduction—must be sold at or below Cost. We will positively not carry any Goods over. We therefore commence today and will SLAUGHTER PRICES.

If you want the best all-Wool suit in the State for \$4.00, we have it.

If you want the best BLACK CHEVIOT SUIT at \$5.00, we have it.

50 BOYS' and YOUTH'S SUITS, 4 to 15 years old, at 65c, worth \$1.00.

50 BOYS' and YOUTH'S SUITS, at \$1.00 to \$1.50.

See our line from \$1.25 to \$5.00—all to be sold at a reduction of 25 to 40 per cent. at and below cost.

WE OFFER—50 Black and Blue Clay Worsted Suits, Sacks and Cutaways, at \$5.00, worth \$8.00.

See our line of BUSINESS SUITS, \$5.00 to \$10.00, and you will be convinced we are making prices to discount 4 cts. cotton. Such Bargains would not be offered if cotton was selling at 7 cts. COME and buy Clothing and all other Goods on the basis of 5 cts. cotton.

UNDERWEAR DEPARTMENT!

Are you in need of anything in this line? See our 20 cts. flannel, selling everywhere at 25 cts. See our 50 cts. line, 60 per cent. wool, guaranteed, selling elsewhere at 75 cts.

Our \$1.00 Vest is a beauty, former price \$1.50.

LADIES' WRAPS, CAPES, JACKETS, Etc.

100 Capes at \$1, worth \$1.50. 200 Capes and Jackets \$1.25, worth \$2.

150 Capes and Jackets \$1.50, worth \$2.00.

100 Capes and Jackets from \$2.50 to \$10.00.

We are having a big run on Wraps. Just received large assortment of Plush Capes, which will go at the reduction of 25 per cent.

CARPETS, OIL CLOTH, MATTING!

If you wish a Carpet we are the people to see. We will save you the solid cash. See our line of Rugs and Carpet Remnants. 1,000 pieces Carpet Remnants at 50 cts. a piece, 1 to 1 1/2 lengths.

Do you wish a Bedstead, Buggy and Harness? Call on us and we will save you money.

We have the staff. It must be converted into cash. Remember we do not carry any stock. We do not believe it is business to carry goods from one year to another. Quick sales and small profits! If we can, if not quick sales and no profit!

WAGONS! WAGONS! BUGGIES! BUGGIES!

Do you wish the best Wagon on earth? If so, buy the celebrated STUDEBAKER run light as a carriage.

We have sold (3) three carriages this season. The people know a good thing when they see it. Don't buy cheap Wagons when you can buy the best make at the same price.

We have just received 100 Bushels of the genuine Little Red May Wheat for seed.

We also have Rye, Barley and Home Raised Oats for seed.

Give us a call, and you will be convinced S. M. JONES & CO. is the store to get the meet and the best goods for the least money.

Yours truly,

S. M. JONES & CO.

THE LANTERN.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, CASH.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1897.

BUSINESS LOCALS.

Advertisements inserted under this head at ten cents a line.

No advertisements inserted as reading matter.

For Sale—A young Jersey cow, cheap. Apply at this office.

Lost—Between Coogler's store and postoffice this morning, a folding key. Return to this office.

W. F. Stricker calls the attention of Ladies and Children to his new arrivals in Toys, Dolls, China Cups and Saucers, Vases, and all kinds of small China pieces for Christmas.

Trespass Notice—All persons are warned not to hunt, cut timber or otherwise trespass on the lands owned or controlled by the undersigned. The law, which provides a penalty of \$5.00 for each offense, will be enforced against those who disregard this notice.

W. M. MCALILEY.

LOCAL NEWS.

Read the Business Notices in this column.

The arc lights will be turned on tomorrow night unless there be some hitch not looked for.

The Southern Railway Co. is building a huge water tank, near the old one. It will hold 200 tons of water.

Dr. H. E. McConnell went to Greenville to attend Mr. C. C. Good's marriage, which occurred Wednesday.

Richard & Pringle's Minstrels at the Opera House tomorrow night. The electric lights will be used. They have been tested and work splendidly.

We were glad to see Mr. Hugh White, of Wellridge, in town this week, the first time since his severe illness. He looks well, and says he is well except some remaining bronchial trouble.

S. M. Jones & Co's. store rooms were brilliantly lighted last night with 40 incandescent lights. The whole system can be operated now as connections are made.

The contractors are working to-day on the last ring of the stand-pipe. All that will remain to be done after this ring is on will be the ladder, painting, and some other trimmings.

Mr. Preston Rion has been appointed postmaster at Winstboro. He succeeds Mrs. M. L. Eggleston, who has been postmistress there for several years.

Mr. T. C. Robinson, editor of *The People's Home Journal*, was married to Miss Corlie H. Hunt, in Greenville, S. C., and went to Columbia to spend their honeymoon.

Cal. Ratterree and Cree Spratt ran down to Blackstock on a tandem Wednesday morning, starting while it was yet dark. They made the trip down in an hour and twenty-five minutes, and the return in one five.

It is a matter for local pride to see our own fellow citizens recognized. Mr. T. C. Cunningham of this county is now president of the State Fair Association. We are sure Mr. Cunningham will not allow the enterprise to lag under his administration. Mr. J. W. Dunnivant, another Chester man, is one of the directors.

Saw the Street Parade.

A very small girl in Chester, who did not attend a funeral a few days ago, said she "saw the street parade, anyhow."

Progress of Taxpaying.

The total amount of taxes levied this year is \$66,485.69. Of this, \$3,706.67 had been paid at the close of business on the 13th inst. Last year at the close of the 16th, \$4,517.84 had been paid. Of \$62,067.10 collected altogether last year, \$33,120.89 was paid on the last day of the year.

Not He.

When it was reported in the Columbia papers that one S. A. Murphy had during the Fair collected on his own account gate money which he had no authority to collect, we hardly believed that it was our S. A. Murphy against whom such a charge could be made. We knew it would turn out that there was something wrong about the charge, and so it did. He had authority to collect, and turned over the money correctly.

That Pavement.

We see the county authorities measuring and figuring around in such a way as to lead us to conclude that not only the sidewalk in front of the court house is to be paved, but the walks leading from the gate to the building as well. Moreover, with the suggestion of Mr. T. N. Bennett's presence on the ground, we have an impression that the pavements will be of solid rock. Chester is as solid as she is progressive.

Merchants' Special Returns.

Auditor Gorkill informs us that only two merchants in this county have ever filled out the blanks provided for merchants' special returns. Those were Capt. R. T. Mockbee, now in Tennessee, and Mr. Jas. A. Sanders, deceased, of Lowryville. The merchants find it impossible to fill the blanks intelligently, unless they had taken stock the first of the preceding January, and if their returns were made in this way they would amount to the same as if made in the regular way.

A Violent Death.

Eugene Smith, aged 17, son of Mr. J. G. Smith, of Lowryville, went to Lockhart Wednesday with the wagons of Messrs. W. A. Anderson and J. H. Wilson. Somewhere on the road, Mr. Wilson's mules ran away and threw Eugene and a bale or two of cotton off the wagon, hurting his leg somewhat. He then got on Mr. Anderson's wagon, and on a rough place beyond the river, he fell off; and it is supposed that his neck was broken. He died almost instantly.

This is the account as understood over the telephone.

At the Baptist Church.

We have received from Rev. H. C. Buchholz, now at Greenville, the following note:

Please announce in your paper that I will occupy my pulpit next Sunday morning and night as usual. The Sunday morning service is to be the annual business meeting of the church, and every member is requested to be present. Theme in the morning, "Praising God." The service at night will be of an evangelistic character.

The series of meetings here at Greenville are of great power. The attendance is large, and conversions occur nightly.

The meetings at the Rutherford St. Church are largely attended every night, and much interest is being manifested. Mr. Buchholz is preaching fine sermons.

Thanksgiving Services.

It has been the custom in Chester for some time to hold a union service on Thanksgiving Day, but some believe that separate services would secure more general attendance. After consultation among the pastors, it has been determined to try services at the several churches on the 25th. One-half of all the collections will be turned over to the Ladies' Benevolent Society of the city, and the other half disposed of as the respective congregations may determine. While we have not definite information from all the churches, we think it reasonably safe to say that all will give the remaining half of their collections to orphanages, to wit: The Baptist to Connie Maxwell, at Greenwood; the Methodist to the Epworth, at Columbia; the Presbyterians to Thornwell, at Clinton; the A. R. P. to the new orphanage to be opened that day at Hickory Grove.

Chalkville Items.

As nothing has appeared in *The Lantern* from our little vicinity, we will endeavor to let you know what the people are doing around here at present.

All are enjoying the best of health after such a siege of sickness during the summer months. Dr. Wise will long be remembered at this place for his punctual attendance and skillful medical aid among the sick.

Mrs. James Woods, who was in bed about three months, is now able to be about her domestic affairs.

Lillie Carter, a little daughter of Mr. Jas. Carter, was quite ill some days ago, but we learn today that she is improving and hope she may soon be able to enter school again.

The farmers have gathered about all of their five cent cotton and stored away their sweet potatoes.

The opossum horn is frequently heard these nights, and some of the hunters have had really good luck in their 'possum hunts.

Mr. John Woods went fishing this week and caught some nice fish out of Broad River, one weighed 6 pounds.

Mr. Hawkins Meador passed through Chalkville today on his way to Leeds, where he will meet his brother and friends to go bird hunting.

Messrs. Jno. Woods and Wm. Carter went to Lockhart Friday evening. They will also join friends in a bird hunt today.

Miss Maggie Woods is visiting Miss Ophelia Jeter, in Union.

Miss Bessie Woods spent last week in Baton Rouge, visiting friends and relatives.

Miss Lena Smith, who is teaching at this place, gave vacation last week to attend the association at Calvary.

Mrs. George Chalk and little daughter are visiting relatives at Lockhart.

Nov. 13, '97.

Letter from Lockhart.

Lanzy McLuney, of your county, was over here last Saturday, and while meandering through the store by some means his fingers got locked around a bucket of lard. Those that were in authority soon discovered the fact, and he was given his choice of having the matter go before his honor on the bench and there be given twenty-five lashes on the naked skin. After receiving his punishment he made for home in quick time.

This is quite a cotton market for the western part of Chester and York counties. Over a thousand bales have been marketed by farmers of that section, and notwithstanding the lowness of price and the tendency of the hard-handed tillers of the soil to grumble on such occasions, I have never heard a complaint of any kind.

I was pleased to meet recently J. J. Dallas, Thos. Carter, and many others from Chester.

Wm. Dallas, an employee at Lockhart, who resides in the Mt. Pleasant section, had the misfortune to lose some cotton by fire. The supposition is that a spark was packed in the cotton, but never showed any symptom thereof for several days, when it burned its way out and communicated with other bales. He estimates his loss at \$75 or \$100.

Dots From Wilksburg.

Misses Emma Wilks, May Wise, and Mary Osborne attended the State Fair last week.

Mr. Bird Wright, who has been confined to his room for several weeks with typhoid fever, is convalescent.

Messrs. Alex. Wise, S. M. McAfee and John Wilks attended the State Fair last week.

Mr. James Shannon, of Sharon, has made a recent visit to friends in the neighborhood of Wise.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Wilks spent last Sabbath in the country.

According to *The Herald*, Congressman Stanyarne Wilson, having convinced the department that Spartanburg has the required population of 10,000 people and the required postal receipts of \$10,000, the department has promised to establish free mail delivery in that city.

PERSONALS.

Mr. W. M. Leckie spent Sunday in Charlotte.

Miss May Davidson has returned from Elizabeth, Co.

Miss Bessie Wooten is visiting friends in Elberton, Ga.

Miss Torrence, of Gaston county, N. C., is visiting Mrs. Gresham, at the S. A. L.

Miss Florie Maynardie, of Lancaster, is visiting relatives in the city.

Miss Willie Harrison, of Rock Hill, is spending a while with her sister, Mrs. W. F. Stricker.

Miss Maggie Stewart, of White Oak, is visiting Miss Nettie Stricker, on Pinckney street.

Miss Frances Smith, of Columbia, is visiting her grandmother, Mrs. F. Ehrlich, on Centre street.

Mrs. Carrie Drinnard (nee Walsh) and Miss Annie Harlow, who have been here for some time, leave today for their home in Richmond.

Mrs. H. Starbuck, of Winston, with her friend, Mrs. D. D. Schuyler, is visiting her parents, Capt. and Mrs. J. L. Agurs.

Mr. Good's Marriage.

A very pretty marriage was solemnized yesterday at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McHugh, the contracting parties being their beautiful and accomplished daughter, Miss Ella, to C. C. Good, formerly of Chester, now of this city. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. H. C. Buchholz, of Chester.

Some forty guests, friends of the bride and groom, were in attendance, contributing to the gladness of the occasion and extending hearty congratulations to the happy couple.

Mr. Good has only recently become a resident of Greenville, coming here from Chester, where he had been for years with the firm of Joseph Wylie & Co. He now holds a responsible position with Jones & Herndon. He is a young man of sterling character and stands high in the esteem of his employers.

The best wishes of many friends go out to Mr. and Mrs. Good in their new relation in life.

Dots from Due West.

Dr. Grier and his daughter, Miss Laura, expect to attend the Sloan-Martin wedding, which takes place at Newberry tonight (Wednesday).

Mr. Joseph Wylie has been elected an honorary member of the Philomathean Literary Society. A life size portrait of Mr. Wylie will be placed in said hall at an early date.

The Philomatheans held a public meeting in their hall last Friday night. They entertained a large crowd by declamations, original speeches, and a debate by eight young men. These exercises were enjoyed by all present.

Mr. Sidney Harris, from Troy, Tenn., entered Erskine Theological Seminary this week.

Prof. P. L. Grier and Prof. J. L. Pressly will be ordained as elders in the A. R. P. church next Sabbath. Dr. Grier has decided to rest a week or so on account of his health. Part of this time will be spent in Chester.

Girls Who Can Farm.

Young men who have come to the conclusion that a living cannot be made on the farm should take courage from the experience of Mr. James Barton's maiden daughters. Three of them in number live with their aged father, who is now entirely helpless, and this year they have made and gathered six bales of cotton, besides an abundance of corn to do them another year. Excepting 18 days' labor, which they hired, they did all of the work themselves, at the same time waiting upon and nursing their father and another invalid member of their household.—Lancaster Review.

Gen. Hampton will now devote his time to the preparation of "The History of the Cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia." The greater part of the material is already in hand.

Wedding Invitations and Visiting Cards.

We Engrave Visiting Cards

For Ladies and Gentlemen in their respective sizes, in correct styles, and use CRANE'S Extra Superfine Bristol Board.

WEDDING INVITATIONS, elegantly in the latest fad engraved to order on short notice. Prices quoted and samples furnished on application. In this line, we are the only pebble on the beach.

ALL OUR GOODS present a refined appearance, being done by the most skilled engravers, and packed in neat boxes, and last, but not least, our prices are the lowest obtainable.

R. BRANDT, The Jeweler, CHESTER, S. C.

ALL WOOL CASSIMERE

AND

Worsted Suits

Worth \$10. Going at \$7.50

All Wool Suits, worth \$7.50, going

at \$5.00, at

Jos. Wylie AND COMPANY'S.

Do You Chew?

Try Fischel's Tobacco.

Do You Smoke?

Try Fischel's Cigars.

Do You Eat?

Try Fischel's Fancy Groceries.

Have You a Girl?

Bait her with Fischel's

Fancy Candies.

Have You a Beau?

Decoy him into Fischel's.

METLON & HARDIN.

We carry in Stock Fresh Lines of everything usually found in a First Class Grocery, and can suit all tastes, from the Plainest to the most Fastidious.

We Shall be Glad

For you to call and inquire as to what we can do for you in the way of qualities and prices.

Melton & Hardin, CHESTER, S. C.

Pocahontas Lump COAL.

No Soot, No Clinkers!

The best soft coal in the world for Grates and Stoves. It holds FIRE like hard coal.

POCAHONTAS STEAM AND SMITH COAL

Burns up clean with little smoke. It has no equal. We have the Agency for this Celebrated Coal and we are in position to figure on large contracts.

COAL Always on Hand.

We have rebuilt our coal bins, which were recently burned.

Yours truly,

ROSBOROUGH & McLURE.

NOTICE!

What is it? Why, it's a big rush to get to the KIMBAL HOUSE, Where is the Kimbal House? Down on Gadsden Street. What house is it? Why, at that noble.

Big 4 Restaurant

where meals and hot lunches are served from morning until night. The bill of fare hangs between the two dining rooms on the other FRESH FISH and OYSTERS daily, and served on short notice. Fancy Groceries and Confectioneries. We also keep ICE on hands all the winter. Your humble servants,

JOHNSON & CO.

All kinds of legal blanks for sale at THE LANTERN Job Office.

A DUEL FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Wigfall and Preston S. Brooks met on a Savannah River in 1846.

Mrs. Kate Wigfall Chestham, of Edgefield, a niece of the late Senator Wigfall, of Texas, has contributed the following reminiscence to the *Augusta Herald*:

In the Savannah River some eight or ten miles above Augusta, was fifty or sixty years ago, a large and dreary sand bank, known as Goat Island—covered with drifting and shifting dunes—the home of the crane, the king fisher and the heron. Precisely fifty-six years ago, one of the most noted duels that ever illustrated the code of honor took place on Goat Island—a sort of neutral ground amenable, perhaps, neither to the laws of Georgia or South Carolina. The principals and seconds in the duel, save one, were all Edgefield men, of high decent, and of the cavalier class, who believed in and practiced the code duello.

The principals were two handsome and brilliant young lawyers, Louis T. Wigfall, aged 23 years, and Preston S. Brooks, aged 22. The cause belli in this famous duel grew out of political strifes and ambitions. Wigfall's second was John Laurens Manning, of Sumter County, S. C. Brooks' second was Mr. Pierce Mason Butler, of Edgefield. All these four men became famous characters in the history of the State—indeed in the history of the South—as is abundantly proved by the chronicles and encyclopedias that have been written or amended since.

In the very earliest hour of the dim, gray dawn of a fall morning of the year 1841—to avoid notice and perhaps arrest—two close carriages are driven out of Augusta. They leave the door of the late Thomas Barrett, Esq., who is himself an occupant of one of the carriages. These two coaches convey Wigfall, Manning, Barrett, a physician and three colored men servants to the vicinity of Goat Island. Brooks and Butler, with their physician and servants come from the Edgefield side, accompanied by the late Major Andrew Hammond of New Richmond.

The duel took place at 5.30 o'clock in the afternoon. The actors in the bloody drama were taken from either shore to the island in one of the long pole boats of that day. Two shots were exchanged. The result of the second shot was the wounding of Wigfall through both thighs, and the whizzing of a bullet into Brooks' hip, the bullet ranging round into his back and lodging there. Both men were painfully and very seriously wounded. Both sank to the ground and soon became almost unconscious from loss of blood.

And now comes the dramatic and somewhat weird part of my story. Both wounds having been temporarily dressed, both men were lifted tenderly into the pole boat, and, lying almost side by side, were rowed down the night-mantled stream to the city. In this boat with the wounded men were the seconds, Mr. Barrett, Major Hammond, the physicians and five negro men. Imagine this funeral barge, illuminated by lighted torches, sometimes flaring bright, sometimes burning blue, as it glided down the broad, still river in the blackness of darkness, bearing in its bosom two noble, brave and bleeding boys, whose immortal souls, before the journey's end might be called to stand before their God.

Arriving at Augusta, Louis Wigfall was taken to the residence of Mr. Thomas Barrett, whose wife and mother-in-law, the late Mrs. Harriet Glasscock, were family connections of his, and there nursed back into life with tender care and motherly watchfulness. Preston Brooks was taken to Beard's hotel in Hamburg, whence after a few days, he was taken to his home in Edgefield.

Louis T. Wigfall married a brilliant belle of Providence, Rhode Island, and, after living in Edgefield a few years, subsequent to this duel, removed to Marshall, Texas, which State he very soon represented in the United States Senate, where he achieved a national reputation as an orator and statesman.

The star of course, found him decidedly and emphatically on the side of his native South. He became a hero in the popular imagination as the victor in the initial siege of Fort Sumter, a brigadier general in the Confederate army, Senator from Texas in the Confederate Congress, and an intimate friend and adviser of Jefferson Davis. He died in Galveston, Texas, some ten or twelve years after the close of the war.

Preston S. Brooks married a daughter of Governor Means, of South Carolina, and continued to live in Edgefield. He became so popular among the people of Edgefield and the neighboring "districts" that they sent him to represent them in Congress. Previous to this, however, he had led Company D, of the Palmetto regiment, throughout the Mexican war, and had reached the highest rank as a wise and brave soldier. While he was a member of the lower House of Congress his cousin, Judge Andrew Pickens Butler, was South Carolina's Senator. In the Senate about this time—it is a matter of national history—the famous Massachusetts Senator, Charles Sumner made a speech, reflecting in an insulting manner upon Butler, who was a man many years his senior. The insult to his venerable kinsman so aroused the ire of the fiery Brooks that he publicly caned Sumner in the Senate Chamber. The matter became almost a national issue and aroused in the Northern mind much of that hatred of the South that led to the war. Preston S. Brooks, in his third term as Congressman, died in Washington in 1877.

Pierce M. Butler became Governor of South Carolina, then United States commissioner to the Indians and subsequently the devoted and illustrious leader of the renowned Palmetto regiment in the Mexican war. He fell at the head of his regiment with a bullet through his brain, at the memorable siege of Churubusco.

John Laurens Manning married an aunt of the present Gen. Wade Hampton. He was at the time the wealthiest and handsomest man in South Carolina. He became Governor of his State, as his father and grandfather had been before him, and proved himself throughout all his years a hero and patriot of the highest type. He died eight or ten years ago.

There are old men and women in Augusta who can remember this duel. It took place long before I was born, but inasmuch as Louis T. Wigfall was my uncle, it has become a startling and never-to-be-forgotten chapter of family history—one to be handed down from generation to generation.

Girls Wanted.

Now there are a great many girls in America, but not one too many. We are not like the Chinese. We value our daughters as highly as our sons, and are daily becoming wiser regarding the true value and usefulness of girlhood and womanhood. We are long past the time when it was thought that girls were of far less consequence than boys, and we have long ago given up the fallacy that girls do not need education.

Now we educate them up to the "top notch," and we make them feel that they are the equals of their brothers and fathers in every respect. They have "thrown off the shackles" of prejudice and narrowness that bound them for so many years. But sometimes it looks a little as if they had thrown off something of their girlish sweetness and modesty and delicacy along with their "shackles."

It was only the other day that I heard a worried mother say: "Oh, dear! I wish that girls would be girls again!"

"Why, what do you mean?" I asked. "Well," she replied, "it does seem to me that so many of our girls nowadays are rather boyish and mannish, and it is bad enough to have to put up with the 'new girls' without having any 'new boys' with all their coarse and some of the things that give to girlhood its greatest charm. My daughters

act as if the ordinary duties of home life, such as sweeping and dusting and washing dishes, and making home neat and comfortable, were beneath the notice of a 'progressive' girl, and that it is 'narrowing' to engage in occupations of that kind. Not one of them has any desire to become a good housewife, and they think it more 'household drudgery' to perform the household tasks that must be performed by some one if the house is to be made a neat, clean, attractive, and restful place for their fathers and brothers. Don't you think that too many girls are afraid?"

"I am afraid so." "Well, now the other day I met a company of 'progressive' girls out on their 'bikes,' as they call them, and every girl had a boy's cap on the back of her head, and several of them wore trousers and mannish looking jackets, and men's collars and neckties, and they were wheeling along at a neck-breaking pace, trying to make 'a record' for the 'bike club' of which they were members. Of course there was no harm in it, and I suppose that I am very 'narrow' and 'old-fashioned,' but I watched them out of sight with a distinct pain in my heart and a longing for the old-fashioned, quiet, modest, and womanly girl, who was willing to relegate boys' clothing and boys' manners to boys. I'm behind the age, am I not?"

"Your girls would probably say so." "Oh, they do say so. The 'modern' girl does not hesitate to say things of that sort of her parents. Respect for her elders has, in many cases, taken flight along with the girl's modesty. She does not hesitate to set her father and mother right a dozen times a day. I heard a girl tell her father the other day that he was not 'up to date,' because he said that it hurt him to have her do a great many things that she did. He said, as I often say, that he longed to see a generation of real girls again."

A good many of us have that feeling. We would like to see a generation of real, modest, womanly girls who have no desire to ape boys in dress or manners. We would like to see a generation of girls who would feel that in all this 'progressive' age there is no crown a woman can wear more honorable and beautiful than the crown of a pure, modest, and noble womanhood, spent in discharging the ordinary, humble duties of home life. When we hear young girls and young women talking about the "limited sphere" of the old-fashioned girl, we feel like quoting this verse for their profit:

They talk about a woman's sphere,
As though it had a limit;
There's not a place in earth or heaven
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whisper, yes or no,
There's not a life, or death, or birth,
That has a feather's weight of worth,
Without a woman in it.

—Our Young People.

STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE.

Is Punishment Justifiable on Circumstantial Evidence?

By a curious coincidence in the two most remarkable murder trials of the year—the Leuteg case in Chicago and the Guldensuppe case in New York—the same unusual theory of defense has been set up, namely, that there has been no murder.

Counsel for the accused man Thörn, by whom the New York authorities believed the missing man Guldensuppe was fired to a cottage at Woodside, Long Island, there killed and dismembered and his remains disposed of in fragments, is going to ask the court on Monday next for a postponement of the trial. The ground of his motion to postpone will be that, if further time is given, he believes he will be able to prove, by witnesses brought from Germany, that Guldensuppe has visited friends in that country since the date when the alleged remains of his body were identified at the morgue in New York. More than this, the counsellor says he expects to prove, by witnesses brought from Virginia, that the body placed together and identified as Guldensuppe's is, in fact, the body of a

man named William S. Edwards of that State.

Improbable as these theories of the disappearance of Guldensuppe seem, they are not altogether without foundation. In the case and Guldensuppe in the other, seen upon their face to be, it is interesting to note that more improbable things have happened, and are matters of court record. There have been cases, though they are not numerous, in which circumstances conspired to indicate murder, so strongly that accused men were convicted, and, in some instances, executed, and later it was proved that no murder had been committed. Without offering any opinion upon the two famous cases now before the courts of Chicago and New York, we may recall one or two of these historic instances.

At Benton, Ill., in 1866, a skeleton was found in some woods and identified as that of Henry Mahorn, who had been long missing, under circumstances that seemed to point to one Daniel Williams as his probable murderer. Williams was indicted and put on trial. The evidence against him was strong, and his conviction seemed likely, but just as the prosecution had finished its case, Henry Mahorn walked into the court room and explained his long absence.

A most tragic case of this kind occurred at Gibraltar, in 1841. James Baxwell, a respectable merchant there, was charged with the murder of his daughter, Elezia. The girl was missing, and in a cave near her father's house some of her hair and clothing were found, stained with blood. Witnesses testified to hearing the father say, angrily, that he would rather see her dead than see her married to a certain man who had asked for her hand. Wild shrieks, as of a woman in mortal agony, were heard on a certain day by other witnesses, issuing from the cave where the clothing was found. And, to clinch the case, nobody had even seen the girl alive since that day. Baxwell was convicted and sent to the scaffold; just as he was about to be launched into eternity the girl's lover, named William Katt, cried out to stop the execution, that the girl was still alive. He had married her and kept her in hiding ever since, and had fabricated the evidence in the cave, including the cries of mortal pain, for the vindictive purpose of hanging her father. The black cap was removed from Baxwell's face, but he was dead. The excitement of the ordeal had killed him.

Most extraordinary of all such cases, however, was that of two brothers, Stephen and Jesse Boorn, of Vermont, convicted of the murder of one Russell Colvin in 1812. They had undoubtedly quarreled with Colvin and assaulted him. They had some fear that they had killed him, for, when brought to trial, they both confessed to the murder. They did so, apparently, hoping to escape the death penalty. One brother was reprieved, the other was left for execution. Then it was that, feeling doubtful whether Colvin had been really killed at all, the doomed brother caused an advertisement to be put in the local paper, describing Colvin, and calling on any one who knew where he was to bring him forward and "save an innocent man."

Newspapers all over the country were asked to "please copy." Many of them did so, and among others the New York *Evening Post*. In that paper it was seen and read aloud in a New York hotel parlor. A gentleman present, named Whelpy, said he had known Colvin, and described his peculiarities more particularly. As he did so another gentleman in the company was impressed with the idea that he had lately seen Colvin at work on a farm in Dover, N. J. Mr. Whelpy went to the farm in question, and there he found the long missing Colvin. He had much trouble in getting the man to go back to Vermont in time to save the condemned Boorn's life, but he did so.

These well-authenticated cases show sometimes "truth is stranger than fiction," and fully justify the rule of law which demands, in all murder trials, that the actual commission of murder shall first of all be clearly established.

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